

## Escape Club "Bloodsport"

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turn them headphones up  
yeah  
to my man Nigga-No, yo  
Killa Bee  
no doubt

[Prodigy]

I kick that progress  
and to that dumb nigga god bless  
I know you can't sleep or rest behind that bullshit  
now you rock the best, scared to death while you walkin  
fuckin up the talkin, we straight up, New Yorkin  
we blowin niggas  
heart attack stroking niggas  
provoking niggas, shittin all over niggas  
you rollin thick, but sure the Mobb rollin thicker  
get that liquor, turn your back ice pick ya  
but fuck that  
stickin with the gat is quicker  
scared to come around my corner, you ass nigga  
do a jaw way all day fake shit  
what you gonna do outta town, play bit(ch)  
and run like a faggot switch take the whole shit  
and show the world don't sweat it baby girl  
I gotta hem  
and pull the gat like a stem  
you all fucked up like a off beat blend  
I send message that you couldn't read clear  
try to play the front but you got stuck in the rear  
take it as a letter but I'm not sincere

yo  
this ain't rap, it's bloodsport  
your life cut short, you fell short  
pressure's on high, full court  
my team form killer instincts and fire arms  
dangerous stuff mine's brainstorm wars  
a life of a wild rebel, who run wild  
klik (blaow-blaow) nigga lay down (blaow) fool stay  
down  
appear, disappear, a hydro cloud

while you running at the mouth a hundred miles, I'm  
out  
Mobb Deep style from the depths of Hempstead  
get ninja'd  
I creep quiet, keep the live nigga inchin'  
listen, who are you to throw your fist in?  
hit like a bitch, run like a faggot an take the whole shit  
that's it  
I had to pass here with shit  
It's time for showtime, let's see how deep things get  
you want to talk tough and get all delinquent  
you find yourself all bloodied up and shameded  
me and my man pioneered this violent nigga rap shit  
bust a gat, give me no fear of that, I'm laughin  
what's up there? let's take you there and touch  
something  
I'm a maniac, brainiac, fanatic at that  
capable of combat, P counterattack  
in some hot wheels, sendin shots out the back  
it was a foul way to go, Kicko  
you know the ropes so...  
bloodsport motherfucker

ay yo the rockweiler  
chew in chew out ass niggas, pull em on your collar  
and let the lights dimmin  
and you'll be swimmin in a puddle of reality, juice  
fatality too  
this rap is the bitch, you shouldn't marry the two  
to the set of prenumtual  
got paid in too comfortable  
it's all good, we don't want to humble  
and while you shinin in the spotlight  
I got this dot right  
the aimed right a stoplight  
the trife life, ain't no part two's  
when it's over it's over you hit  
now send your soldierly stool

nigga, bloodsport

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